

how dare you have the face to look at me!

Sam began to cry, and blubber, and make excuses, denying it all the while, till at last says he, "You need not make such a piece of work about a bit of pie, I'll eat the crust when I'm hungry," which he thought was making full amends for devouring the inside.

WELL, says Mr. *Crop*, I'll never throw away my advice on any one, nor tell any one the way to be good a second time, if they don't follow my advice the first. Obstinate boys are like people who walk upon their heads, and of course see every thing the wrong way; they laugh at those who walk on
their

their feet, because they suppose themselves treading in the clouds, their heels being so much higher than their understanding. If they are told to mind their book, and they will become great men, they think they are great enough already, especially if they are biggish boys, and can command a few little ones at play, as was the case with *Sam Lickspit*, who always had a share of the apples, oranges, and other things which his play-mates, who were less than himself, bought; but if he had any thing good of his own, and the boys came round him, he would say, they who ask shall not have any, and they who do not ask, do not want any.